even the most friendly, gives me a real nervous upset; obliged to limit myself to silence as a child is limited to bread and water; I seem gloomy as soon as I cease being peppery; and I long for solitude.

*22 May*

Last night Strauss's *Salome.* Gheon repeats to us the remark of Mme Strauss (as reported by Viele-Griffin), commenting on the fact that Parisian audiences do not sufficiently applaud her husband's work: 'Well, it's about time that we came back here with bayonets/* Perhaps apocryphal. . . .

Abominable romantic music, with enough orchestral rhetoric to make one like Bellini. Only the parts filled with comic (the Magi) or morbid relief, Salome's hesitations when Herod wants her to dance for him —almost the entire role of Herod, show a remarkable ability. Lasserre notes the same excellence of comic truculence in Hugo — likewise in the *Meistersinger—same causes. And same causes of the shortcomings: lack of discretion of the means and monotony of the effects, annoying insistency, flagrant insincerity; uninterrupted mobilization of all the possible resources. Likewise Hugo, likewise Wagner, when metaphors come to mind to express an idea, does not choose, does not spare us a single one. Fundamental lack of artistry in all this. Systematic amplification, etc. . . . A shortcoming that it is not even interesting to examine into. One might better condemn the work as a whole and wait for the bayonets, because such an art really is the enemy.*

Lunched at the Tour d'Argent with the Van Rysselberghes, Count Kessler, and Rodin. We talk to the last of his 'start/' For a long time, to earn his living, he makes "Carrier-Belleuse" of terracotta,[18] It is one of these poor insipid things that Druet recently exhibited

in his window.

With *The Bronze Age* he arouses a protest; he barely avoids a trial with great difficulty (he is accused of having exhibited a mere cast of a man). But at that moment some friends group around him to defend him. That is when he leaves Brussels for Paris.

"How old were you then?"

"FORTY-FIVE/'

This dominated my day.

*24May*

Yesterday cycled to Saint-Germain, where I went in the hope of seeing Maurice Denis—but he is not at home any more on Thursdays.

[18] Decorative statuettes so named for the popular French sculptor Albert-Ernest Carrier-Belleuse, who multiplied them to satisfy the bourgeois public*